

The History of

VVhich 1400. yeares ago were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And booteles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now, then let me heare,
Of you my gentle Coosen VVestmerland,
VVhat yesternight our counsell did decree,
In forwarding this decre expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdfordshire to fight
Against the irregular, and wilde Glendower,
VVas by the rude hands of that VVelchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those VVelchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the holy land.

West. This matcht with other like my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did import
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur there
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met, wheret hey did spend
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse:
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is deare, a true industrious friend
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,

Stainde

Henry the

Stainde with the variation of ea
Betwixt that Holmedon, and th
And he hath brought vs smooth
The Earle of Dowglas is discom
Ten thousand bold Scots, two an
Balkt in their owne blood, Did f
On Holmedons plaines, of priso
Mordake Earle of Fife, and elde
To beaten Dowglas, and the Ea
Of Murrey, Angus, and Mente
And is not this an honourable
A gallant prize? Ha, cosen is it n

West. A conquest for a Prince

King. Yea there thou mak'st
In enuy, that my Lord Northur
Should be the father to so blest
A sonne who is the theame of h
Amongst a groue, the very stra
VVho is sweet fortunes minion
VVhilst I by looking on the p
Seer yot and dishonour stainet
Of my yong Harry. O that it co
That some night-tripping Fair
In cradle clothes, our children
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plan
Then would I haue his Harry,
But let him from my thoughts
Of this yong Piercies pride? T
Which he in this aduenture ha
To his owne vse hee keeps
I shall haue none but Mordak

West. This is his vnckles tea
Maleuolent to you in all aspe
VVhich makes him prune hi
The crest of youth against yo

King. But I haue sent for him
And for this cause a while we
Out holy purpose to Ierusalem